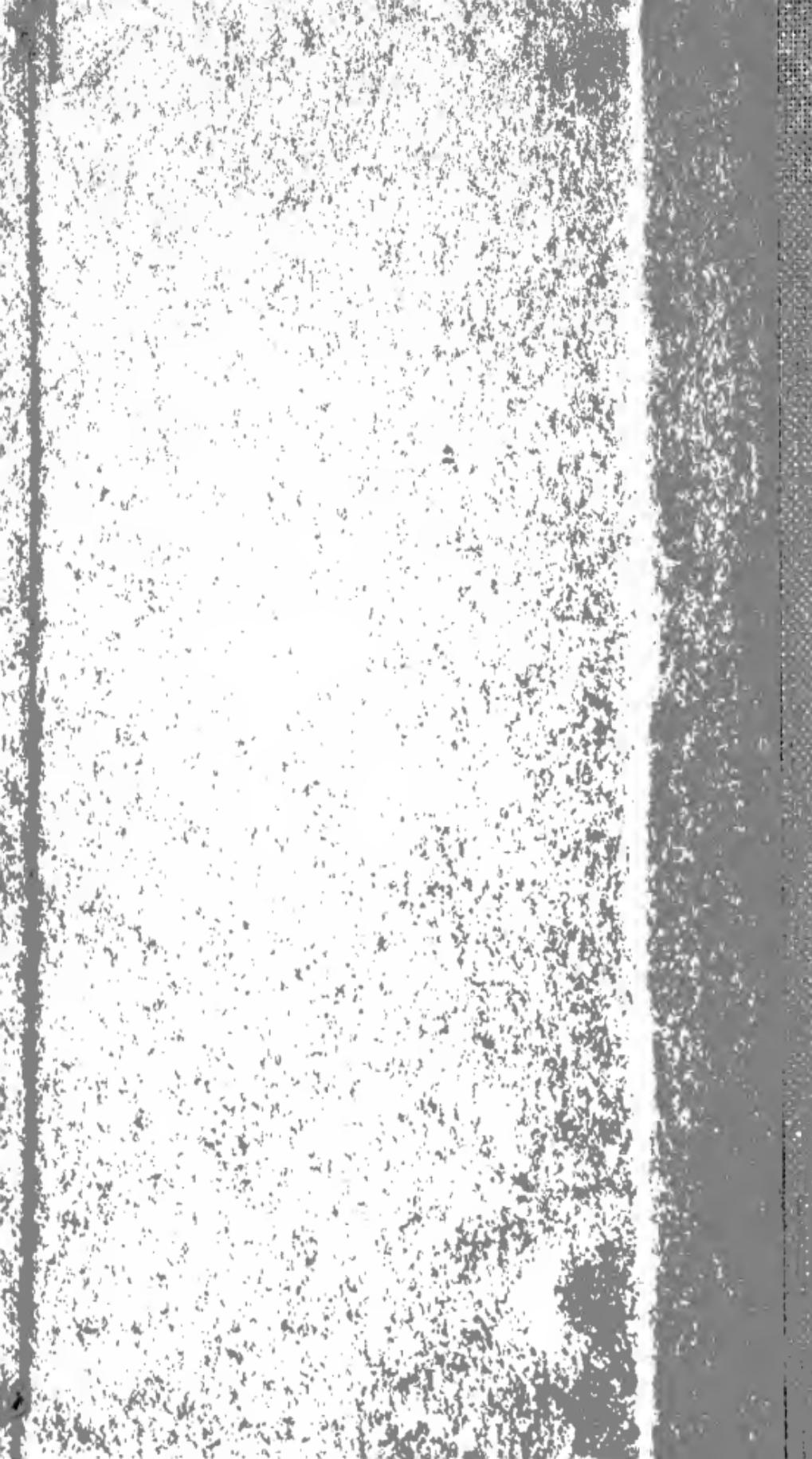


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BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

ACHSAH WILKINS DISOSWAY.

BY HER FATHER.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great
shall be the peace of thy children."—ISAIAH liv. 13.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,
For the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church,
at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street.

J. Collord, Printer.

1839.

THE NEW YORK
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1855
STORIES AND
TALES IN FIVE VOLUMES

“Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in paradise our store.”

KEBLE's *Christian Year.*

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MY DAUGHTER.

“If death my *child* and me divide ;
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Nor frown my tears to see ;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For *her* that rests in thee.”

CHARLES WESLEY.

P R E F A C E

TO

ACCOUNT OF ACHSAH W. DISOSWAY.

THE writer of the following pages, having been for a long time connected with sabbath schools, either as a teacher or superintendent, and having observed with what eagerness the children under his charge have received the accounts of the experience of their little companions who have gone to another world, has been induced, he trusts, with "an eye single to the glory of God," to prepare the following sketch, particularly for the use of Sunday schools.

It is also due to the dear subject of this memoir, that she should not sink into the silent grave without some me-

morial of her worth ; and although the text "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," may not be strictly applicable to one so very young, still the many shining excellences of the departed child would seem to demand some tribute of respect, and the writer does not know any better way of effecting this object, and at the same time turning his sad bereavement to some good account, than by holding up her virtues and example for the imitation of the rising generation.

We hope our little readers will bear in mind, that the dear child, a sketch of whose life is here given, was not *six* years old at the time of her decease ; and yet they will see how powerful her religious impressions were at this tender age. She was not *too young*, to use her own words, "to love the Lord." If this

child, who had numbered but five summers, in the days of her sojourn in this world, was so obedient to her parents, and attentive to her religious duties, we have a right to expect that those who have been spared to attain to twice her years and more, will far excel her in all those virtues which should adorn the early lives of those who have been blessed in being born in this enlightened day.

Teachers, and others connected with sabbath schools, will perceive that our aim has been to make this memoir practical and didactic, so as to be read to the school from the desk of the superintendent. This will afford a good opportunity for direct application and enlargement on the different points, as they are presented to the minds of the children. It is our ardent prayer to God, that his blessing may attend this effort to pro-

mote his glory, and that parents, children, superintendents, and teachers, may finally come "to the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."

New-York, April 18th, 1839.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
ACHSAH WILKINS DISOSWAY.

“Thy days, my little one, were few;
An angel’s morning visit,
That came and vanish’d with the dew;
’Twas here, ’tis gone, where is it?
Yet did’st thou leave behind thee
A clew for love to find thee.”

Montgomery.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I want you to give me your attention, while I tell you something about the life and conduct of a very little girl; and also relate some particulars of her death. Her name was Achsah, and as this is an unusual name, if you will look in the first chapter of the book of Judges, (I presume you all

know that Judges is the seventh book of the Old Testament,) you will find that Achsah was the daughter of Caleb, who was a very good and distinguished man in ancient times ; indeed he was so good that the Bible says of him, “ he was the servant of the Lord,” and “ followed him fully.” The little girl of whom we are speaking was also blessed with parents who were endeavouring to serve the Lord, and they devoted the child from her earliest infancy to her merciful Creator, and determined to bring her up, as without doubt Caleb of old endeavoured to bring up his Achsah, “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

If you will take your Bibles and turn to the second epistle of Paul to Timothy, (second Timothy you are aware is the sixteenth book of the New Testament,) and read the fifth verse of the third chapter, you will

see that the great apostle speaks of the “unfeigned faith which dwelt first in Lois, the grandmother of Timothy, and in Eunice his mother.” By unfeigned faith, is no doubt meant true religion, and you can easily learn from this text, that Timothy, whom Paul calls “his dearly beloved son,” and who was in ancient times a faithful minister of the gospel, was the child of a pious mother, and grandchild of a pious grandmother, and on that account the apostle Paul calls them to his remembrance. And this was the case with our dear little daughter, whose history we are now relating to you. Her father, and her paternal¹ grand parents, (Israel and Anne Disosway, of the city of New-York,) her mother and her maternal grand parents, (William and Achsah Wilkins, of the city of Baltimore,) were all, we trust, servants of the living

and true God. They were, and the surviving ones are yet, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Achsah's grand parents were among the earliest friends and supporters of our church; so that it may be said of this little girl, that she was a child of many prayers. And often has the throne of mercy been entreated to grant that the children of this family might be a seed to serve the Lord to the latest generation.

The subject of this juvenile memoir was born on the 17th of June, 1833, in the city of New-York, not far from the old John-street church, the memorable spot hallowed by the earliest recollections of Methodism. To this church her parents were attached. She was consecrated to God in baptism by our venerable Bishop Hedding, and after the water had been sprinkled over her face, she

looked up to the bishop and smiled sweetly. This was noticed by him, as an unusual circumstance, and the fond parents of the dear child were ready to conclude it might indicate that she would early have a taste for religious things.

As we before hinted, the parents of little Achsah, having themselves received a religious education, determined, by God's grace assisting them, to train up this their first child, in the "way it should go." And they soon perceived that the seeds of instruction would be received in a good soil, and that the Lord had intrusted to them a young immortal that eagerly drank in the lessons of learning. They were in a good degree, we trust, sensible of their responsibility, and as the buds of intellect began to unfold themselves, they endeavoured to shield and protect them, so that the flowers of

loveliness might exhibit themselves unsullied by the mildew of sin, and unconsumed by the canker worms of unholy passions.

Our dear little daughter at a very early age gave many striking instances of great activity of mind, and a remarkable association of ideas. She also had an excellent memory, and whatever observations she heard grown persons make, seemed to lay them aside in the store house of her mind, for future use. She likewise exhibited a maturity of thought and judgment far beyond her years : she had an inquiring mind, as most children of intelligence have ; but she was particularly inquisitive with respect to things of a religious nature, and seemed never willing to drop the subject of her blessed Saviour's death and atonement. She would often propound questions, and solicit an-

swers, upon subjects too intricate for her tender years. On one occasion her devoted mother filled a tumbler with water, showing her that when full it could hold no more, and then her mother would say, "If I tell you more than you can understand, your mind will overflow, like this water." By this simple illustration her judgment was convinced that there were subjects beyond her comprehension, and she would reply, "Very well, mamma, when I grow as old as my mother, then you will explain it to me; but perhaps I may not live to be as old as my mamma, but if I should not, and am a good child, I will die and go to heaven, and then my Jesus will explain it to me."

The thought of her becoming an inhabitant of the blessed realms above, would at times throw her into an ecstasy of feeling, and once she ex-

claimed, "Ah, my dear mother, I know I do sometimes sin, but I do not wish to sin, it is because I forget myself; but when I get to heaven, (and she clasped her little hands together,) I shall never *want* to sin, I cannot sin."

Little Achsah was a delicate child, though her parents fondly hoped that as her years increased, she would get stronger and more robust; but the Judge of all the earth, who cannot err, had determined that this tender flower should soon be transplanted to the gardens of paradise. Her spirit seemed too active for its clay tenement. We might mention many instances of the sparklings of her intellect, and leave our readers to judge whether parental partiality has painted the picture of our dear daughter in colours more vivid than the original will allow. She was always fond of going to the house of the Lord, and one Sabbath.

(she was now five and a half years old,) after she came from church, she appeared very serious, and said to her brother, a fine little boy, about three years old, " My son, (her usual appellation when she wanted to give instruction to her brother,) I want to tell you what death is; put your hand over my mouth. The little fellow did so—she breathed—" *that* you feel is my breath, and *that* is my life; God gave it to me, and any moment he stops my breath, I will die." Assuming a most impressive manner, she continued, " Do you know who made you, and to whom you belong? To God, my son; he has only lent us to our mother, and in fact, God has only lent our mother to us, to teach us the way to heaven, and to teach us to be good children. When God calls me, then he will stop my breath, and my friends will put my

body in a coffin, but they cannot put my *soul* in a coffin; my spirit, that part which makes me think and speak, will ascend to God. Then you will come to the pale form of your dear little sister, but you will feel no more breath; your sister will be dead." These were the very words of our darling child. Little did we think that before two short months had rolled around, we would have to put the lifeless body of our beloved daughter in a coffin, and deposit it in the silent tomb; but in that brief period her happy spirit did "ascend to God."

Her paternal grandmother, truly "a mother in Israel," took great consolation in the reflection that when her body was entombed, it would return to dust till the resurrection morn, and not be subject to the ravages of worms. This idea, when communicated by her grandmother, seemed

very much to delight her, and she ran to her mother, and said, "O, mamma, you told me that the Bible said that worms would destroy my flesh, but you must be mistaken, for my grandma says this will not be the case: I know my body is made of dust, and when I die it will return to dust, but worms will not devour it."* It may be that this reflection took away from her mind all dread of death and the grave, for she always delighted to talk on these subjects, and spoke of them with the utmost composure, and seemed to look on death as the cessation of toil, and care, and pain, and on the grave as the entrance to the felicities of paradise.

Our dear little Achsah took a deep interest in the administration of the sacrament, and seemed grieved to see so many persons leave the church, as

* See Dr. Clarke's note on Job xix, 26.

she had been taught that those who loved the Lord tarried behind; and she always expressed her regret and astonishment that so few manifested their attachment to their Father in heaven. On one occasion, observing a relative, whom she knew belonged to the church, leave the place of worship previous to the distribution of the sacred symbols, which were then spread before her, she said very earnestly to me, "Father, is not —— good enough to partake of the Lord's supper?" I scarcely knew what answer to make to this question, and shall leave it to those church members who treat with indifference this ordinance of the Lord, to make the reply, merely hinting that in my humble judgment, if a person is "good enough" to be united with the church, he ought always to be prepared to join in this solemn ceremony.

The last Sabbath our dear daughter spent in the city of New-York, she was at church in the morning, and was unusually solicitous of partaking of the broken emblems of her crucified Saviour. Her mother told her she was too young. She replied, "O no, mamma, I am not too young to love the Lord, and I know if I were to eat that bread and drink that wine, it would be to put me in mind that my precious Saviour gave himself, and spilt his blood, to take away my sins ; but," said she, "if you think it not best, I will not ask you."

She seemed to have an habitual sense of the omnipresence of God, and that she could not escape the notice of his eye. When not more than four years old, her mother chided her for some impropriety of conduct, and said if it was repeated, she would have to put her in a room by herself, to which

she replied, “O mamma, *that* you could not do. I would not be alone, for God would be there.” And for this cause, also, she never feared to be in the dark ; though this might in part have been owing to her education, as she was always taught that the darkness was as the light to her Heavenly Protector. She would frequently retire to a private room for prayer, or, to use her favourite expression, “to feed her soul.” And when heard on such occasions, among other ejaculations, was this line of poetry,

“ O good Spirit, guide my will.”

She seemed to be convinced that food for her soul was as necessary as food for her body. Last fall she was indisposed, and, about dark, calling her mother to her bedside, requested her to open her book of juvenile songs, and read some “evening song,

and something about angels watching me while I sleep." Her mother took down the volume, and not having perused it, was not aware that it contained stanzas of that character; but upon opening the book, she found several that had not escaped the notice-taking eye of her dear little daughter. Her mother then called over the names of several of them, but when she came to the "Child's Angel," Achsah said, "O, that's the one, mamma, read me *that* one." Her mother read as follows:—

"I know a kindly angel,
He roams the wide world o'er,
Though seen by none, all seeing,
He goes from door to door;
He comes from heaven, his native home:
'Tis God, our Father, bids him come.

Where'er in all his wand'rings,
He finds a gentle child,
'The joy of friends and parents,
So patient, good, and mild :

In that bright home he long will dwell
And bless the child he loves so well.

All day he'll smile so sweetly,
And then, when night draws nigh,
Will bid him softly slumber,
And close the weary eye :
And watch through all the silent night,
Around his couch, till morning light."

She then asked her mother "if she thought *she* had an angel to watch over her." Her mother replied in the affirmative, and the happy child rejoined, "Then, mamma, I shall sleep sweetly; good night." In the morning, her mother asked her if she remembered what she had read to her the previous evening. She replied, "O yes, mamma, *that*

'Angel watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had ne'er arose.'"

One morning, when I was absent from home, she said, "Come, we must

not have breakfast till we have prayers, mamma, as pa is not here, may I have prayers?" Her mother having assented, she took the Bible, and in a very serious and devout manner read the last chapter of the gospel by St. Matthew; then gave out to sing the lines commencing,

"A charge to keep I have,"

and asked her mother to raise the tune, in which she joined. After singing, she reverently addressed the throne of grace—thanked God for his merciful preservation of the family during the night, and asked his blessing and guidance during the day; and concluded with the Lord's prayer. Who of you that may read this feels prepared to officiate in like manner, in the absence of your parents?

Our dear little daughter was very fond of flowers, and we never knew

her, during her last summer, to walk in the garden, but she noticed the changes of the plants, and their decay, and gathering up the fallen flowers, would almost invariably say, "Thus will *I* fall, but my soul will go to Jesus, and I will be a happy angel in heaven." And so, my dear children, *you* may fall and die, and how soon the Lord only knows; but remember, if you are good children, your heavenly Father will raise you up, and you may be happy angels in heaven.

Achsah seemed to take great delight in the thought of having "angel's wings," and when she saw a bird flying, would frequently advert to it. Once in the city of Baltimore, she was with her aunt, looking at the ascension of a balloon, "O, aunty," she cried, (after it had disappeared from their sight,) "they have gone to Jesus." "No, my dear," her aunt

replied, "they will return again." "Well," she said, "I really think if I were as near Jesus as they are, I would not be willing to come back again to this world." This shows how much her thoughts were dwelling on her blessed Saviour, and in common with older Christians, always connecting heaven with something above the skies. She was at this time but four years old.

She had committed the ten commandments to memory, but no one seemed to make so much impression on her mind as the third. (I presume, dear children, you all know what that commandment is.) Coming in one day, she covered her face with her hands. When questioned why so serious, her reply was, "that she had heard a child break the third *command.*" But it was not till after repeated queries that this good little

girl could be induced to tell what she had heard “the wicked child,” (as she termed her,) say, lest *she* might break the command also; and when she replied, it was in a whisper; and although she generally spoke loud, yet she always showed her reverence for her Maker, by repeating his name in a subdued voice, and lower tone than usual. Are you, my little boys and girls, careful to do thus, and not speak the name of God in a boisterous or rude manner?

Achsah seemed to have proper ideas about the uncertainty of her life, and whenever she spoke of any future event, in which she expected to be engaged, always guarded it with “if I live, I may not live,” &c. Her soul was full of sympathy; when her mother watched over her in sickness, this dear child would say, “My dear mother, I hope I shall live to reward your

care." And she was always anxious and careful in health "to see," as she would say, "how much she could do for her dear mother, who had done so much for her." She was very obedient to her parents; and as a striking instance of this, I will mention, that when dining without any of her family at the house of a friend, the lady put something on her plate, and then said, "But, Achsah, perhaps your mother would not like you to eat that." "O, ma'am," she replied, "if my mother disapproved of my eating it, I would not have taken it." Children, this is *true* obedience, and are you as careful to do as you are bid, when out of your parents' presence, as when their eyes are on you? The dear little creature's heart melted at human wo, and she was generous and charitable, almost to a fault, if one can be so. Whenever a case of distress pre-

sented itself at the door, or elsewhere, she would say, using the words of the poet,—

“ And for the poor, whene'er I grieve,
That something (pointing to her breast) says,
a penny give.”

“ I do not ask you, mamma, to give my *pennies*, they would not buy much; but give them my *dollars*, for I have every thing that I want. I would rather go without play things, than poor people should go without food and clothes.”

The sweet departed child was very inquisitive on the subject of missions and missionary societies, and when made to understand their objects, she at once got a missionary box, and always remembered the missionary and the poor heathen in distant lands. Whenever she received from a friend a bright piece of money, she requested her mother to put *that* in the mission-

ary box. We once took her to the museum in New-York, and amid all the wonders of the place, nothing made so much impression on her mind as the Hindoo and other heathen images, which she was told were worshipped by nations that knew nothing of the Saviour ; she instantly repeated the well-known lines,

“ The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.”

She seemed greatly to deplore their ignorance, and on coming home, began to dress up in resemblance of the idols whatever came to hand, in order to explain to her little brother the sad state those people were in, that bowed down to such strange-looking objects, instead of the true God.

Before she had attained her fifth year, our little daughter had learned to read very well, and took great de-

light in her books, especially in poetical productions. Her father, among other volumes, bought for her "Original Poems," a work which we would recommend to all our young readers. These poems were written by "the Taylor family." Here is one of the verses which she was very fond of repeating:—

"Thus spirits good and ill there be,
Although invisible to me ;
Whate'er I do, they see me still,
And O, good Spirit, guide my will."

She was also fond of her Bible, and committed to memory, and often recited to her parents the last chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew; the fourteenth of St. John's gospel was a favourite chapter of hers, as was also the last chapter of the Bible. And when she read the account of her Saviour taking the little children in his arms and blessing them, she

said with strong feeling, "O, mamma, if I had been living then, how I would have *pressed* forward to have got my Saviour to have taken me in his arms." Take the sacred volume, my dear children, and read over these chapters, and may they be the means of strengthening your desires to get to that blessed heaven, of which they speak; but recollect, in order to reach that place of rest, you must be good and obedient children in this world.

Achsah ever sought employment of some kind; she was fond of reading, as I have before told you; she was also fond of her needle, and while her little fingers would be actively employed in work for her mamma, or making garments for her dolls, her tongue would be engaged in singing. The following well-known verse of Dr. Watts, she would at such times repeat:

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first hours be past;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last."

She was uncommonly neat in her attire, and loved cleanliness, so that her nurse often had occasion to remark, "that it required no effort to keep Achsah tidy." To her hair she paid particular attention, always braiding it smoothly over her forehead. I have mentioned about her apparel to you, my dear children, because I think it comports with the character of Christian children, to be cleanly in their persons and dress. Achsah was also a *frugal* child; she never wasted any thing, but on the contrary "gathered up the fragments, that nothing might be lost." Yes, children, she would reserve even scraps and cuttings, that many of you might thoughtlessly burn or throw away, for she

would say, "Unless people save such pieces, we would have no paper," and so very careful was she, that she could not bear to see her brother or any of the servants wastefully burn a piece of paper.

Little Achsah was blessed with a sweet melodious voice, and from her infancy was fond of music and singing. She sung very well for a child, and knew a great many hymns and tunes, and often would entreat her father to let her "give out" the words of the hymns for the family devotions, and would join heartily in singing them. The following evening hymn she was much pleased with, and very frequently, at the eventide, would raise her tuneful voice in its use.

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Father in heaven, the day is declining ;
Safety and innocence fly with the light ;
Temptation and danger walk forth with the
night,

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,

Shield me from danger, and save me from crime.

Father have mercy—Father have mercy,
Father have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

“ Father in heaven, O hear when we call!
Hear, for Christ’s sake who is Saviour of all!
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night
taper burns;

Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.

Father have mercy, &c.”

You will find the tune to these words
on the 352d page of the Methodist
Harmonist. It is very sweet and
beautiful, and I would advise you, my
dear children, to turn to it, and re-
quest your parents and guardians to
teach it to you, and make it a part of
your evening devotions. I trust you
all say your prayers at night and in
the morning; and it is very appro-

priate, and doubtless acceptable to the Lord, to unite singing with your supplications.

I have thus given some of the prominent traits of the character and disposition of this little girl, and have also stated many of her habits of life.

"And the child grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." This, you are aware, is spoken in the holy bible of Samuel, (Samuel ii. 26,) and I do not know that it would be improper to use the same words with respect to Achsah. I may, at any rate, with the strictest propriety, apply the words of the poet to my dear daughter:—

"And fair thy childhood ever grew,
Bright'ning with graces ever new;
When growth of person was combined
With growing graces of the mind;
Till all the good and wise approved thee,
And all who ever knew thee loved thee."

Blackwood's Magazine.

Her parents and friends cherished the hope that she would have been spared to riper years, and that the promise of future excellence would have been realized by a life of usefulness; but the Lord in his providence had otherwise ordered it, and the child was soon snatched from our embrace.

And now, my little friends, as I have told you something about the life and experience of Achsah, very probably you feel desirous of learning some particulars of the closing scene, her death. It is certainly a great consolation to surviving parents and relatives, to have it in their power to state that a dear departed child testified with its expiring breath, that all was calm within. It cheers the soul of the believer to listen to the rejoicings of a spirit, just escaping from its earthly house; but we need not be

anxious *how* one died, if we only have assurance that he lived the life of a Christian—if we do our duty in this world, our heavenly Father will care for us in our last struggle with the king of terrors. It is not our happy privilege to state much of the exercises of mind of our little daughter during her last sickness.

Her health had been delicate the greater part of the last winter, and we thought it advisable to let her go on a visit to her relations in the city of Baltimore, trusting that it would be beneficial to her. Previous to her departure, she constantly cheered the drooping spirits of her mother with the expectation that she would see her again in the month of June, if she lived. June *will* come, with its sunny skies, but will not bring with it our sweetest flower; *that*, which had stood the blasts of five successive winters,

has fallen and is dead. When about to take a final adieu of her mother, she noticed the latter was much affected, and said, "Why do you weep, mamma? when you want to see me, go to the little room and pray, and I will do the same, for I dare say my aunty has a little room for prayer," realizing the sentiment contained in the lines,—

"Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart."

As the coach that conveyed her to the steamboat was turning the corner of a street, and thus caused her to lose sight of her father's house, she burst into tears, and when I asked the reason, she said, "she was so sorry to leave us all:" her last words to me as we parted, were, "Peace be with you, my dear father."

On the third day after her arrival in Baltimore, she was seized with

that dreadful disease, the scarlet fever—when asked by her aunts if they should write to her parents about her illness, she said, “O no, it will distress my mother so to hear I am sick.” She had to take much nauseous medicine, which she did with scarcely a murmur, as long as she maintained consciousness. At the first of her sickness, the dear creature was much grieved because she could not attend family prayers ; she would beg her friends to take her up and dress her, to let her go down to prayers, and said, “O, if you will, you may bring me back and put me in bed, and I will gargle my throat or take the worst medicine you can give me.” The disease, with its sad accompaniments, preyed rapidly upon her tender frame—she was soon deprived of her hearing, and sunk into insensibility : she spoke not, except when

aroused, and by the advice of her physician was disturbed as little as possible. The last use she was heard to make, voluntarily, of the noble faculty of speech, was in raising her voice to God in prayer: about a week before she left this world, at the solemn hour of midnight, the nurse heard her voice so audibly that she at first thought that it was her aunt speaking, who was also watching in the room; she went to the bedside of the dying child, and found she was devoting the expiring energies of her tongue to repeating the Lord's prayer, laying particular emphasis on these blessed words, "Thy will be done," and, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." What were at that time the exercises of the dear creature, eternity alone can reveal: it may be "angels then were hov'ring round her," ready to convey

her soul to the abodes of more than mortal blessedness. At half past two o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of February last, she gently yielded up her spirit, without a groan, or even a sigh. She was, at the time of her death, five years, eight months, and three days old.

Bishop Waugh and the Rev. Joseph Frye attended the funeral services, at the house of her grandmother in Baltimore, the hymn containing that solemn verse,—

“Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away,”

was sung; and among other remarks of the bishop, the following made a strong impression on our minds, “that we had one more tie to bind us to heaven, and one less to attach us to earth, and that the parents would

have reason to rejoice probably in this world, if not, certainly in the world to come, that the child had been thus early taken away."

The Rev. Francis Hodgson, pastor of the second Wesleyan chapel in New-York, the church which she attended, delivered a funeral discourse on the occasion of her death, to the sabbath school under his care. He took for his subject the history of the death and restoration to life of the son of the Shunammite, 2 Kings chapter four. The sermon was listened to with much attention, and we hope proved a blessing to the hearers. One idea that the minister advanced was especially consoling to our minds, to wit, that the labour bestowed upon the dear object of our affections would by no means be lost; but rather fit her for the more perfect enjoyment of the happiness of heaven.

And now, being about to bring this memorial of my affection to a close, my ardent desire is, that all my young readers may profit by its perusal; and probably the best way to effect this, will be for you to determine, by the assistance of divine grace, to be like little Achsah:—

1. In praying often, reading the scriptures, learning and singing hymns.
2. In obedience to your parents, instructers, and guardians.
3. In charity to the poor.
4. In saving your money for the missionary society.
5. In industry, neatness, and frugality.

If this short sketch shall have this effect in but a single instance, I shall be abundantly rewarded for my labour, and consider the time consumed in its preparation to have been well spent.

To show the estimation in which this beloved child was held by those who knew her best, and what a strong hold she had gained on their affections, I will subjoin an extract from a letter, written shortly after her death, to her mother, by an aged friend, who was intimate with the dear departed one, and well acquainted with her peculiar virtues:—“I wish I could console you; but alas! my heart is too deeply wounded to dictate words of consolation. I must refer you to a higher source. I trust and pray, He that knoweth whereof we are made, and remembereth we are but dust, will pity and forgive the fondness of a creature’s love. I have buried my children, I have shed for them tears of maternal tenderness, but never before had snatched from my embrace a lovely prattler, capable not only of amusing, but of instructing

me. I confess until the *idol* was removed, I was unconscious how much of idolatry was mingled with my fondness. And I had almost forgotten the lesson taught by *her own dear infant lips*, "that she was only lent to us for a season." Surely He that gave had a right to claim his own; but in the language of the sainted Summerfield, "O, the selfishness of our nature, that would prompt the desire to keep back from the bliss of heaven our loved ones, to be partakers with us of our evil things." May we more than ever be engaged to lay up our treasure in heaven, where sorrows and sighing, and tears and parting are no more."

"God took thee in his mercy
A lamb, untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee—
He won the victory—
And thou art sanctified!"

I look around, and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, O ! beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure, then.

Now, like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove !
Safe with the Source of love
The everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

Caroline Bowles.





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